THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS are Business Men, Business Women, Scientists, Plain People, Travellers, Poets, etc., etc. In other words, people familiar whereof they write, who tell their stories in a way that will interest our suburban friends.

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In speaking to the editor of the Citizen the other day Mr. Louis P. Shoemaker, president of the Brightwood Citizens' Association, said:

"YOUR PAPER IS CERTAINLY DOING GOOD WORK FOR THE SUBURBS AND SUBURBAN PEOPLE. IT IS A GREAT PITY THE OTHER PAPERS, TOO, DON'T DEVOTE SOME SPACE TO OUR INTERESTS."

The oldest bell-tower in the United States is not in any of our Eastern colonial cities, but, according to report, in Tacoma, Wash. The church was built in 1873, but the age of the tower, by a fairly conservative estimate, is at least 300 years. The fact is that the tower is the lofty stump of a giant tree. It is now covered with ivy.

There is a movement on foot to erect a monument on the outer point of Cape Cod to commemorate the adoption of the Pilgrim compact of government. The Pilgrim compact was probably the earliest charter of a democratic government, adopted by the people, known to the world. A rugged obelisk, 200 feet in height, placed upon an eminence on the outermost point of Cape Cod, where all passing and repassing at sea may see it, will be, it is thought, a fitting memorial of such a landmark of history.

German railroads are reaching out for higher speeds than those now maintained on them. The Association of German Machinery Engineers of Berlin has offered prizes of $1250, $750 and $500 for a constructive tracing of a locomotive able to pull a train of 180 tons weight on a level roadway at a speed of 74.5 miles per hour for a continuous run of at least three hours the highest rate of speed not to exceed 93.2 miles per hour. The association is also inviting sketches for railway cars insuring safe and quiet running at a speed of 93.2 miles per hour.

In spite of the frequent announcements of the discovery of the bacillus of Asiatic cholera, there has been no improvement in the treatment of that fearful malady. In the present epidemic in Egypt nearly every victim dies, the report covering the whole outbreak showing 36,658 cases and 30,988 deaths. Evidently the search for an antitoxin has proved a complete failure, as have the methods of injecting substances alleged to be fatal to the specific microbes. However, a wonderful work has been done in excluding the disease from Europe and the Western world.

NEW FOOD PLANTS.

Need Only Scientific Cultivation to Make Them Delicious.

According to a consular report from Edward H. Thompson, who is stationed at Progreso, the gardens and fields of Yucatan are filled with succulent vegetables and odorous herbs unknown to the outer world. In the cultivated fields, at the proper seasons, are grown classes of Indian corn, beans, squashes and tubers for which we have no name, for the reason that we have never seen or heard of them. The forests and jungles contain fruits that, excellent even in their wild state, could be made delicious by scientific care and cultivation. There are half a score of wild fruits that offer more promising results than did the bitter wild almond, the progenitor of the peach.

The most important of the large cereals is the maize of the Mexicans—the Indian corn of the Americans and the ixim of the Mayas of Yucatan. Like several other vegetable products, its origin as a cultivated plant is enveloped in obscurity, the wild plant from which it was evolved not yet having been identified. Many believe that the cultivated plant was born somewhere between Yucatan and the table-land of Mexico. The mother plant was probably a grass, and the new grain spread to all sections, each one giving it certain characteristics until the varieties grown in the north hardly seem related to those of the southern lands. Yucatan has six varieties of this grain, and the Maya Indian reverentially speaks of it as the "grace of God." The natives of Yucatan prefer the native corn to that imported from the United States, and will cheerfully pay the higher price demanded in times of scarcity. They state that our method of kiln drying injures the grain. They allow the grain to harden and dry slowly in the ear upon the stalk.

The plant, or rather the running vine, known as the macal box (makal bosh), produces a tuberous root of great nutritive value. Entire families have lived upon this root for weeks at a time and were healthy and well nourished. This plant is very productive. About the middle of May the green shoots first appear above the earth. They grow rapidly, and in November are ready to be dug. The tuber is about the size of a large Irish potato and is of a purplish color, like a certain class of sweet potato. It can be cooked in the same way as the sweet potato. The plant is hardy. A long drouth may cause the vine to wither, but with the lightest rain it springs up anew. The roots left in the ground as too small for food propagate the plant, and each year the yield increases. It seems to be a kind of native yam; it grows in almost any kind of moderately rich soil, and when cultivated intelligently should be of certain value as a food plant.

The xmakin macal (shmakeen makal), like the macal box, appears in May and is gathered in November, but it yields only one or two tubers to the plant. These, however, are of large size, resembling enormous Irish potatoes. I have seen four of these great roots fill a bushel basket. The interior is white and seems to be nearly pure starch. It is planted as we set out potatoes. The plants grow close together, and, while I have no exact figures, the yield per acre should be phenomenal, so far as weight of product is concerned.

Xmehen chi-can (shmehen chi kan) seems to be a kind of artichoke, weighing when mature about a pound. The plants are running vines, rarely more than a yard long. An acre will yield an immense crop under favorable conditions. The plant, sown in August, can be gathered in November.

Xnuc chi-can is a larger root, weighing when mature about three pounds. It is a hardy plant and produces well. Both of these roots are eaten roasted or boiled, and many like them raw.

Art and Anthracite.

If what I have written thus far reads like a jeremiade, it is fair to say that, in the opinion of many who have to live in it, the soft coal smoke is not so black as painted. Your true Pittsburger glories in his city's soot, for it means business, prosperity, comfort as one goes along, and opportunity to escape by and by.

Great artists from abroad are apt to take sides with him. The soft coal towns have what American laudscape generally lacks—atmosphere and aerial perspective. Our Eastern cities—New York in especial—have always been distinguished by an almost disagreeable clarity and brilliance. Everything looks fresh. One who came recently from a Western city to Boston said that he was impressed much as a miner would be who should be brought straight out of a coal shaft into a theatre. The glitter was astounding. In Chicago and other soft coal cities the interplay of smoke and sunlight daily gives color such as has rarely been seen in our untinged air. This is the sort of color that Svend Svensen revels in—over all a haze of burnt sienna hue, and on sidewalk or snow the delicate purple shadows. The gold and copper of the afternoon light is often tropical in its fullness. We shall see greater glories, even if we pay larger laundry bills.—Boston Transcript.

Confucius.

Confucius had just received a licking from his father. He sat down to deliberate, but for certain reasons immediately stood up. Furtively looking at the old man he was heard to murmur, "Worship your ancestors, or your ancestors will horsewhip you." Hence the Confucian philosophy.—Brooklyn Life.

A Woman's Crown.

A woman's idea of a crown comes pretty near to being one of nice curly hair.—New York Press.

Judge Was Annoyed

Old Gentleman Had Lived Too Long to Enjoy Playing Poker for the Drinks.

The late Judge Treat was a gentleman of the old school, and held by the manners and customs of the rapidly disappearing code of a former generation. An amusing story of his views on what he sometimes characterized, with more of humor than of cynicism, as the degenerate methods of a decadent day, is told by his friends in Rochester. The judge was joyfully admitted to membership in one of the most exclusive clubs in that city, and soon after his election appeared at the clubhouse and began to make himself accustomed to his surroundings. He wandered from room to room, and at last passed into the apartment reserved for cards. Three or four tables were filled up, and the Judge stood by and watched the game. Suddenly he started precipitately toward the door, and, going downstairs, met one of the board of governors.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the Judge with dignity and elaborate courtesy, "I would like to obtain a little information from you, if you can spare me the time without inconvenience."

The club officer was delighted to answer any question.

"Well, sir," the Judge began, "I am naturally curious about the way in which this club is run. I am a new member, sir, and feel that such should be my first duty. I was passing through the cardroom just now, sir, and paused beside a table at which five gentlemen were engaged in a game of what appeared to be poker."

"But, my dear——" began the club officer, raising his hand deprecatingly.

"Pardon me again, but if you will kindly allow me to finish, sir," said the Judge. "I overheard one gentleman say: 'I bet you $20.' Another gentleman observed, 'I will see that, and go you $50 better,' and another said, 'I'll raise that $100.'"

"My dear Judge, that was nothing, I assure you——" again broke in the officer with a laugh of forced lightness upon his lips. He was getting nervous, for the club had a high reputation for its moral tone, and upon gambling and the suspicion thereof it turned its face resolutely.

"I beg you, sir, to excuse me," the Judge continued, "but I was naturally interested in that conversation. Now, sir, I would like to ask you, sir, if those gentlemen were in earnest."

"By no means, Judge," hastily spoke out the club officer. "They were playing what we call freeze-out, and the man who goes broke the first has to buy the cigars or the drinks. You'll enjoy it, I'm sure, Judge."

The Judge rose to his full height. "I will enjoy it, sir, do you say, sir?" he thundered to the astonished governor of the club's reputation. "I take the liberty of differing with you, sir. I have learned what I was seeking for. You have given me the desired information. Sir, I have played poker with Ulysses S. Grant and with William Tecumseh Sherman, sir; and, by God, sir, I am not going to play it now for the cigars and the drinks at my age, sir."

And he stalked out.—Rochester (N. Y.) correspondence of St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Nothing keeps a sinner in charity with his Creator like a woman's love